



Morituri te salutant

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

They came like lightning in the dead of the night.They did not even bother to blow their war horns now,did they?nope.They butchered our children in their cradles and ravished the women.They did not even spare the weak and the old.Those of us who resisted were killed and those of us who surrendered they took prisoner.I did neither.Me being young but strong made them to take me as a captive.I could not even fight back for I was unarmed.So, what did they do? they threw me in the back of a wagon with other prisoners.I remember somebody hitting me in the head before I blacked out.

Now, it is morning and I am here sitting in the wagon under the scorching sun as I stare at the almighty Alps to my left.My hands are chained to my back and I am kept company by the young Thracian and some of my fellow brothers from my village.I wink at young Atli to show that everything was fine."What is your name Thracian?"I asked.

"Talos"he said grimly.

"I'm Gallus".

"Good to know".

"Well.This conversation is going nowhere".

He did not answer,instead he looked away at the open grasslands at the foothills of the Alps.

I have no respect for these Roman warriors,they call themselves,lulu!well we are the children of Wolan How's that for great warriors huh!but they did conquer us.It is as the Romans say "Vae Victis".

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I have been to Roma a couple of times,hence I am used to the usual spectacles and marvels but I like...well,I liked my own village.

Aye,I do know what will happen to us.Some that are strong enough are sent to the fighting pits and others,well they get to serve in some noble's villa or something.But,do not take my facetious attitude for a lack of empathy.I have already marked who I am going to kill to avenge my brothers and sisters.General Magnus.You see,I do not think people are evil.I think that only individuals are evil.The Centurions had no choice but to obey their superior,but the superior could have stopped the unnecessary killing.I see him riding betwixt two Praetorians thinking himself safe,but he's got another thing coming.

It has been two days since we came to Roma.As I suspected,Atli and I were sent to the fighting pits.Today is the first day of combat and they say even the Emperor is attending.As I enter the Arena,I see the all too familiar sight of billions of people cheering.I am not taken aback,but,naturally young Atli had stooped in his tracks to look up in wonderment."Get moving,Atli!"I said. He nodded and steeped forward.We came before under the Emperor's box and started to say the eternal words"Ave Imperator,Morituri te Salutant",as I was lowering my sword I caught a glimpse of him.OH,by Wotan's beard,I saw him.Magnus was looking elsewhere.But,I saw him and felt the rage inside me building up.I looked across and saw our opponents.One Murmillo and one Retiarius.I whispered to Atli"I'll take the Retiarius".He smiled and nodded.The netman charged with his trident.I slid under and slashed at his feet,barely avoiding the net.We fought for about half an hour.But,then I saw Atli dying, this set ablaze my already burning rage.But to my little solace,I saw that he took down the Murmillo too. I finally bought down my enemy and looked up.The Emperor smirked and showed the thumb down sign.I finished my enemy quickly to the cheering of the crowd.I thrust my Gladius up and howled.They all thought I was celebrating,but,he knew.Magnus bent down and whispered one word"Cras".I grinned "Yes,'tomorrow',indeed".

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